

HOW DO THEY LIKE IT THEMSELVES?

PUCK.

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IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

183-The date printed on the wrapper of each puper denotes the time when the subscription expires.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Mr. Blaine's adherents took a great deal of trouble, during the late campaign, to inform the public that Governor Cleveland had vetoed the "Freedom of Worship" bill. As a matter of fact, this was untrue. Mr. Blaine's adherents were apt to say things that were untrue. The bill never came before Governor Cleveland. But if it had, we think he would have vetoed it. On the face of it, this "Freedom of Worship" bill is an innocent affair. It simply provides for the representation of the various religious organizations among the spiritual instructors in a public institution of charity. It is really a specious scheme to enable the Roman Catholics to capture proselytes in the House of Refuge. This is a bold statement of the case; but it is accurate in spirit. If the bill becomes a law, every Catholic child living at the public charge may be put under priestly care, instead of taking his chances of morality, as at present, under the guardianship of the regularly appointed chaplain of the institution.

A Catholic certainly has the right to be as much of a Catholic as he sees fit. But the trouble with the Catholic is that he has an unholy desire to make other people Catholic. The House of Refuge is filled with children of various sects and races. The public's charity makes no distinction between these children. The object is to bring them up to be good and decent citizens. It has nothing to do with making them Catholics or Methodists or Episcopalians or Jews. If they are sick, they may have the religious ministry of their own or their parents' choice. But a public institution, supported by the tax-payers at large, is no place for the inculcation of sectarian doctrines. If the Catholics wish that their pauper children shall be brought up in the Catholic faith; if the Presbyterians wish that their pauper children shall be educated as Presbyterians, it is the business of the Catholics and the Presbyterians to provide their own schools and houses of refuge.

This is a lesson which the heads of the Catholic church in America are very slow to learn. They cannot understand that their propaganda is an impossibility in this country; that it is absolutely opposed to the spirit of our people. Such attempts as the present they have made over and over again. And such attempts are as unwise as they are cunning. Our newspapers have, over and over again, told the public what this "Freedom of Worship" bill means. It ought to be called "A Bill to Afford Opportunities for Catholic Proselytizing in the New York House of Refuge." It is designed to give the

priests a chance to make Catholics of any children whom they may see fit to claim as their own—any children whose shiftiess or ignorant parents may be bribed or bullied into declaring themselves Catholics. And it is no part of the business of our State government to give that chance to the ministers of the Catholic or of any other denomination.

We often make fun of the little country paper which gravely says: "We have warned Mr. Gladstone of the fatal nature of the policy which he is pursuing." But it is only fair to admit that the little country paper would not last a year if it were run on a policy as weak, paltering and uncertain as that upon which Mr. Gladstone administers the affairs of England. The Eastern troubles which now crown all his perplexities are decidedly of his own brewing; and it would be a nice question for discussion how far his weakness is directly responsible for the boldness of the Irish agitators.

Of course it is a great consolation to the troubled English mind to look upon America as the home and haven of the dynamiter and the anarchist. But these noisy blackguards of the United Irishman office and of Concordia Hall have very little to do with Britain's woes. Their only idea of anarchy is to collect contributions from servants and other dupes. We had a taste of Mr. O'Donovan Rossa's quality when he was shot with the pea-shooter which Mrs. Yseult Dudley was pleased to regard as a pistol. "Herr" Most was lately immoderately booted by a "moderate socialist." The whole pack of them are weak and worthless. If they ever should take it into their heads to try to be mischievous, the police-captains of their several precincts will take care of them.

Nobody in this country—except a few poor Irish cooks and chamber-maids—believes that O'Donovan Rossa ever paid for an ounce of the dynamite used in England. The only feeling Americans have about him is a feeling of amused contempt. Perhaps he ought to be muzzled; but if muzzling makes a martyr of him, he is best let alone. If the English press had not taken him seriously, he would have enjoyed a dishonorable obscurity in America.

We learn that certain people in Newark are circulating a petition for the pardon of Oscar Baldwin. We learn also that these people are assuring those whom they approach for signatures that President Arthur has agreed to sign the pardon, as one of the final acts of his official life. We don't believe this last statement. Oscar Baldwin is a thief, and he deserves his imprisonment. The only people who can possibly be interested in getting him out are the other scoundrels who ought to have been sent to jail when Baldwin went.

There is a general impression that these people—there are many of them—were saved from punishment only by Baldwin's silence. This attempt to get him out of prison looks like the carrying out of a bargain made at the time. It would be well to find out who are the movers and signers of this petition. If President Arthur pardons Oscar Baldwin, he will go out of office under a cloud of disgrace which will oppress him in the oblivion of private life for the remainder of his days.

Now that the Cruel War is over, everybody seems to be on the qui vive for fresh news concerning it. Therefore, every soldier of any eminence will find the pen mightier than the sword, if he will hang his sword on the wall for a piece of bric à-brae, and take to writing his reminiscences. Any man whose father or grandfather was a general who is since dead, might write up the details of various battles from his imagination, and have them found in an old chest in the garret like the will in the stock English novel. Such matter would command a high price, if it had the appearance of genuineness.

The writing of war articles is becoming quite an industry, and we imagine that before long a factory will be started in Wooster Street for the construction of such papers.

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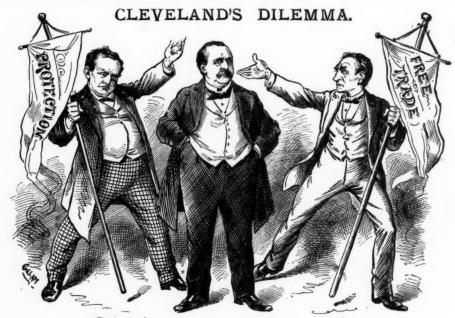
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All victims of railroad disasters will hobble in on their crutches to take a hand in. All the body-servants will tell what they know, and the army mules who are eking out an existence on the tow-path will kick at Fate and join the great body of majors, colonels, and generals that are now telling all they know regarding the late conflict for free coon.

If you want a true and interesting account of the principal battles of the war, you should not fail to read the articles now being printed in the *Century*.

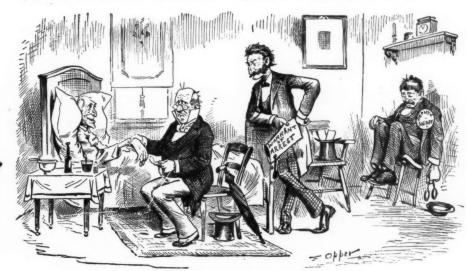
In this connection, as the Sun cat would meow, we would advise you, if you would enjoy a good laugh, to purchase a copy of Puck's Annual for 1885. 25 cents.



RANDALL. CARLISLE \ -" Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die!" CLEVELAND.—" A plague 'o both your houses!"

NEW YORK NEEDS THIS LAW, TOO.

[By a new law, Massachusetts physicians can be prosecuted for manslaughter if their patients die.]



THE COMING SICK-ROOM .- LAWYERS AND DEPUTY-SHERIFFS ON HAND, ALSO,

THE DELUGE.

A Truly Modern Scientifico-Ecclesiastic Sermon
BY THE
REV. NEWTOWN SHEBER.

My Dearly Beloved Brethren—After reading the story of the Deluge so naïvely told in the primitive patois of the Israelitic race, it is well to suspend judgement for a time before you pass upon the veracity or unveracity, the comparative ignorance or knowledge of the alleged author or authors of that remarkable tale. I do, myself. Of course, my reasons are much stronger than yours, involving as they do a certain social and ecclesiastical status, not to speak of a—ah—a salary of \$8,000 a year.

In the first place—I desire to warn you against the pernicious teachings of Mr. Ingersoll and others of that sort, who denounce the Deluge as an impossibility, and the historians of the fact as retailers of premeditated inexactitudes; because, you know, it is bad form socially to subscribe to such doctrines, and is also opposed to the traditions of that magnificent church of which I am a representative, and you faithful adherents. Besides this, these notions or ideas, as it were, are but rehashes of Voltaire and Tom Paine, and belong to a dogmatic age which has little or nothing in common with the illuminated present of which we have the honor to be part and parcel. You all know I am a large part of this present, and occupy a commanding position therein.

In the second place—do not assume a supercilious attitude toward this beautiful allegory and pronounce it an absurdity. In all candor I admit that such a judgement would to a great extent be natural, and in a law-court or a mathematical forum would be borne out by the testimony—but—ah—it conflicts with the articles, the creed and dogma to which we have assented, and which from an esoteric standpoint embody our present cultus.

In the third place—let us approach this story prayerfully and in all sincerity. We realize, of course, that no flood could cover the world; that no vessel constructed by human hands could contain a pair of every living species; that no rain-storm could continue for more than a week, and that no boat could land on Ararat above the snow-line.

Shall we, therefore, say that the story is a vain myth? No, my friends, for such an assertion would be heresy. On my part, it would

deprive me of the position which I ornament, and on your part, would compel me to sever those charming relations which have so long and profitably held us together.

What, therefore, shall we say? What under the circumstances can we say, except that the tale is one of those Oriental images, figures of speech, or flowers of rhetoric which in some quaint concrete form convey a profound ethical thought?

The Deluge thus viewed is no longer an absurdity, but a solemn fact. It may mean, as you are pleased to interpret it, a big flood, a little flood, a spiritual flood, or no flood at all. So the Ark, viewed under the light of highest science, may be a barn, a stable, a hotel, a ship, a schooner, or even a hole in the ground. Noah thus is resolved into a man or woman, a tribe, nation or race, an individuality or a nonentity. Ararat is metamorphosed and becomes elastic. As you prefer, it is here or there, somewhere or nowhere, a mountain or plain, hill or chasm, forest, marsh or lake. And thus, my beloved, the interesting procession of animals resolves itself into a dream without an object, and without a dreamer who dreams that dream.

And thus the old story is transformed into an

And thus the old story is transformed into an exquisite fabric of spiritual light and loveliness for the edification of the race.

And this, my hearers, well illustrates the reconciliation between Science and Religion. It makes no difference what discovery and research may bring forth—we are secure. If to-morrow a lost Gospel or a book of the Old Testament were unearthed from the dust and débris of centuries, it would affect us not. Sixteen Deluges would be the same as one; a royal fleet of Arks, stemming a thousand years of rain and storm, landing on the highest peak of the Himalayas, and carrying a million stock-yards and menageries in their capacious hulls, would be as acceptable as the small-sized affair we have discussed this morning.

have discussed this morning.

I feel happy at having made clear what has so long baffled our finest intellects. It is true that I do not understand my own explanation myself; but this is a paltry trifle you will overlook in the beauty and grandeur of my conception. I fear that my foes will, in their malignity, endeavor to make this statement a basis for new charges and complaints against me in my heroic work; but if they can make any more out of it than I have done, I shall be under obligations to them that words can never express.

W. E. S. F.

Puckerings.

I 'm a most terrific fighter,
I 'm a howling dynamiter,
And I stab the blasted Briton
in the back.
I can drink a keg of whiskey,
And get very wild and frisky,
And go home and beat my
wife till blue and black.

I am patriotic, fervent,
And I work the Irish servant
Till I get in my possession
all her cash.

Out for whiskey then I 'n lighting,
While I talk of dynamiting
In the gin-mill in the old electric's flash.

This business I 'm pursuing, While the dollars are ac-

cruing
To my credit in the bank across the way.
I am better than a fore-

man, ·
Or a plumber or 'longshoreman,
Or a peeler, or the driver of a dray.

I shall lead a life that 's easy,
I shall lead a life that 's breezy,
While a single inch of Ireland isn't free.
And my wife, my rampant Biddy,
I am sure will be a widdy
Long before I do a day's work—do you see?

Oft I talk about the Shannon
Ringing with my belching cannon,
While we march victorious through the gory fight.
Then my life is much more flowery,
As I "beer up" in the Bowery,
And rant and rave and howl of dynamite.

AN ARTICLE in an exchange is headed "A Blessing in Sugar." We imagine the greatest blessing in sugar is to get sugar that is sugar in reality, and not glucose.

WE THINK fighting with hard gloves should be allowed. But the gloves should be harder. They should be made of iron and stuffed with lead, and the men compelled to fight until both are finished.

"JOHN," REMARKED a Boston editor, as he wiped the dust off his desk with his coat-sleeve: "wipe off these windows. I want more light. I am going to write an article against the feather-duster. It is a shiftless substitute for the old-fashioned, cleanly dust-rag."

"CIGARETTES MUST GO," writes a Philadelphia editor. We will venture the assertion that the man who issued this sweeping edict chews to-bacco, smokes dog-leg tobacco in a clay-pipe, and two-for-five-cent cigars in the street. That is the kind of man who usually objects to cigarettes.

YSEULT DUDLEY has been likened unto Charlotte Corday by one of the daily newspapers. It may be a just comparison; but it will be remembered that Charlotte Corday stabbed Marat while he was taking a bath. Had Yseult Dudley waited to capture O'Donovan Rossa in a bath-tub, it is not at all likely that he would ever have suffered at her hands.

"WHY WE LAUGH" is a subject that has long been discussed in a more or less scholarly and philosophic manner. We don't pretend to be able to give a solution of the problem ourselves, but we know why the wicked residents of a certain little suburban town are laughing just now, and it is all because some burglars recently broke into the residence of a recognized temperance champion, and stole an overcoat and a couple of bottles of whiskey.

SHINBONES GETS UP A FAIR.

Hoboken society of color was greatly excited. For some time | beside which some eight or ten lemons were floating on the surface of rumors had been floating about that an attempt was to be made to revive the old Anti-Chicken-Stealing Society, of which Shinbones Smith had been president. Shinbones himself had no great anxiety in the matter. He had been through much trouble in connection with the defunct organization, and had no wish to go through more. But his wife was ambitious. Since Shinbones had ceased to be the head of a flourishing social organization, she had ceased to hold as important a position in the exclusive circle to which she belonged as she formerly did. So she filled the old man's mind with the idea that the organization must be revived. He labored with those who had been members of it and they were persuaded to agree with him. But then arose the great question of how to raise funds, for money was a sine qua non. Various places were suggested, but it remained for Peter Maguff to find the proper method. He proposed to hold a fair.

The idea met with general approval. Shinbones became excited

about it and rushed around among his friends to persuade them to make contributions. The women were pleased at being called on to make contributions, and set about their labors at once. The men also

make contributions, and set about their labors at once. The men also took kindly to the idea, and the work was begun.

One night last week the fair opened. It was held in Brother Parsimony Higgins's barn, that being the most spacious building at the command of the projectors. Stands were erected by placing planks on flour-barrels and saw-bucks. The rough boards were covered with brown paper and made to look neat, if not striking. Then came the labor of unpacking the contributions. Peter Maguff named them as he took them out of their wrappings and Brother Wakeup Misery wrote down the names.

The stands were soon arranged, and, the lamps being lighted, the doors were thrown open and the visitors began to stream in. ade and tea and coffee were sold as the only beverages, while oysterstew, of the usual fair sort, was to be had at fifteen cents a plate. There was a silver watch up for a raffle, and there was a wheel-of-fortune to tempt the unwary. Mrs. Smith had charge of the poultry fortune to tempt the unwary. Mrs. Smith had charge of the poultry department, which was by far the most extensive. Her business was not good, however, as few of the members cared to buy poultry when they could procure it so much more easily. The lemonade-stand was presided over by Miss Sallie Higgins and Miss Amanda Thompson, the prettiest maidens at the fair.

It was evident from the beginning that trouble was brewing between Shinbones and his ancient antagonist, Brother Squeezeout Peabody; but on this evening Brother Shinbones was destined to meet

with his Nemesis in a different shape.

"Jess look at Brudder Shinbone'," remarked Squeezeout to Peter.

"Wot am he a-doin'?" asked Peter, who could not take his eyes

off a prime turkey.

"He am drinkin' lemonade by de quaht."

"Dat's kinder funny," said Brother Pete: "'kase he nebber seemed ter car' much fur dem dar timperance-drinks."

"'Tain't de drink, chile, 'tain't de drink,' said Squeezeout. "Wot am it, den?"

"De gal wot mixes de drink, chile. Yo' heah wot I tole yo'. Dar's gwine ter be a succus roun' hyar, or

don't know nuffin'." "Shet up!" re-turned Pete: "don't yo' see Miss Smiff down dar at de odder end o' de stand?

She'll surely heah yo', chile."
"'Tain't my fault, chile, 'tain't my fault."

And Squeezeout Peabody shook his head ominously as he walked away. And, sure enough, Brother Shinbones was drinking a great deal of lemonade. He had paid fifty cents for a chance in the raffle for the silver watch. Having accomplished that, he walked very quietly over to the lemonade-table,

a tub of water.

"Good-ebenin', Miss 'Mandy," said he, making a sweeping bow. "Good-ebenin', Brudder Shinbone'," replied Miss Amanda Thomp-

son: "I hope dat yo' am a-habbin' a berry pleasant time dis ebenin'."

"I hain't had a berry good time yit," replied Shinbones, in his sweetest tones: "but I hope dat I'se a-gwine ter hab one now."

And the old gentleman gazed into Miss Thompson's sparkling visage in his blandest manner. Miss Thompson smiled upon him and said:

"Provider Shinbone". "beach ter modet we' heip's tested pone o' "Brudder Shinbone', 'peahs ter me dat yo' hain't tasted none o' my lemonade yit."

"Did yo' make dat dar lemonade yo'se'f, Miss 'Mandy?"
"Yas, sah, I did," replied the maiden, dropping her eyes.
"Den," said Shinbones, bowing once more: "I'se a-gwine ter hab

de biggest glass I kin git."
Miss Thompson poured out the schooner of lemonade which attracted Squeezeout's attention, and Brother Shinbones, bowing low once more, quaffed the beverage at a single draft. When he took the glass

down from his lips, a surprised look spread over his countenance.
"Whew!" he exclaimed: "'peahs ter me dat dar lemonade am pretty souah fur de numbah ob lemons dar am inter it."

"Dat's so, Brudder Shinbone', de lemons am powahful strong."
"W'y don't yo' put moah sugah inter it?"

"'Kase Miss Sudderbury, wot perwide de sugah, couldn't stea-I

mean gib 'nuff!"

"Den," said Shinbones, gazing upon Miss Thompson with deep admiration: "yo' ort ter luk hahd at de lemonade, an' dat'll sweeten it."

"Shinbone'!"

The old man nearly sank through the floor. It was the voice of his wife. He turned, and beheld her standing beside him with her hands behind her back and a dangerous expression in her eyes.

"Wot am yo' doin' hyar?" she demanded.

"Takin' a drink," he answered, mildly.

"Don't talk ter me, niggah," cried Mrs. Smith: "D' yo' t'ink I didn't see yo' a-hangin' round dis hyar black gal, an' makin' eyes at her?" "Who yo' callin' a black gal?" demanded Miss Thompson, leaping upon her stand.

"I'm a-callin' yo'!" shouted Mrs. Smith.

"Don't yo' dast ter call me black!" exclaimed Miss Thompson, leaping down from her stand, and placing herself in front of Mrs. Smith in a defiant attitude.

Bang!
Mrs. Smith's right hand swung around from behind her. In it was
Mrs. Smith's right hand swung around Thompson under the chin, and a ham. The ham caught Miss Amanda Thompson under the chin, and the next thing that unfortunate maiden knew she was prostrate in the tub of lemonade, with her No. 11 shoes and striped stockings sawing the air, while she emitted piercing yells. Shinbones was terrified. "Ole woman," he said: "dis hain't no way—"

Smash!

Mrs. Smith's left hand swung around from behind her with a swift, sudden movement. In it was a pumpkin-pie, which she delivered full in her liege lord's face, effectually stopping his eyes, nose and mouth.

"Hiyah!" said

Squeezeout: "dat's bully!"

Thwack!

Mrs. Shinbones Smith launched a vicious kick with her right foot, landing on that part of poor Squeezeout's anatomy which was made to be kicked,

and Mr. Squeezeout went head-first over the oyster-stand into a barrel of oystershells.

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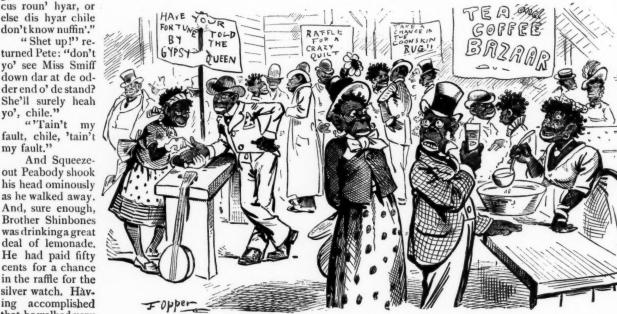
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"Niggahs!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith: "do I boss dis hyar faiah, or don't I?" A trembling assent answered the wrathful question. "Den it am closed," exclaimed Mrs. Smith, and, taking her lord and master by the ear, she started for W. J. H. home.



-He turned, and beheld her standing beside him with her hands behind her back and a dangerous expression in her eyes .-

IMPROVED QUOTATIONS.

Love rules the camp, the court, the grove. But lets up on the dude.

Money makes the Alderman go.

Large streams from sodafountains flow: Tall pains from drinking of them grow.

In the theatre young men's fancies often from the drama rove; And, when curtain 's down, they amble forth, to snatch the fleeting clove.

To-morrow I may be myself, with yesterday's seven thousand debts.

I hold it truth, with him who

sings To one clear harp in divers tones,

That men may rise on stepping-stones Of political friends to right soft

things. And on her lover's arm she leant, And round her waist she felt it

fold; And so across the hills they went To live upon her father's gold.

The Last Resort of the Impecunious Alcoholist.



BY MEANS OF A STRAW AND A LITTLE GENTEEL DISSIMULATION, HE MAY GET A FREE DRINK OUT OF THE HUMBLEST CIGAR-STORE.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Some one says that "one day with the Lord is as a thousand." Those of us who have attended church when we were boys quite agree with the statement.

A SNOW-BIRD on the railing Was tripping to and fro, A little boy a snow-ball With all his might did throw. The snow-bird on a twiglet

Twittered "Alas, alack!" On seeing the boy's great effort Land him upon his back.

A NEGRO MINSTREL, aged 115 years, recently died in California. His jokes, however, were much older.

"AFTER ALL," remarks a veracious fashion journal: "the only way to eat an orange is to let it alone." In other words, to eat an orange one should "cut" it.

THE TENEMENT-HOUSE CIGAR Act has a paradoxical sound when you come to consider that only clay-pipes and cabbage-leaves are smoked in these unlovely habitations.

SONG OF THE WASTE-BASKET -"I Gather Them In."

A WOMAN'S VOW.—A BALL-ROOM TRAGEDY.

"I will go," replied Mr. St. Clair Badger, as he laid down his morning paper. "You will not go," replied Mrs. Badger, sweetly but firmly.

"I will!"

- "You won't!"
 "Madam!"
- "Sir!!"
- "Bah!" " Bah!!"

"Are you going to the Alabazam Ball to-morrow night?" asked Mr. Milton Brown of Mr. "I am," replied Mr. Badger, with dignity.
"What does Mrs. Badger say about it?"

"It is not of the slightest importance what Mrs. Badger says about it," returned Mr. Badger.
"Then I will see you there?"
"You will."
"As a Puritan?"

"As a Puritan."

"I shall expect you, Badger."

"I'll be there, Brown."

"I suppose you have given up that foolish ball project?" remarked Mrs. Badger, per-suasively, to her husband that evening, as he laid aside his overcoat and opened the evening

paper.
"I have done nothing of the sort," replied

Mr. Badger, decidedly.
"Well," returned Mrs. Badger, calmly: "you

had better go."

Mr. Badger made no response. His hand was as firm as the price of corn. Nothing betrayed the emotions that were tumultuously

struggling in what he called his mind.
"Yes," continued Mrs. Badger: "you had better go."
"Ah!" replied Mr. Badger, with well simu-

lated indifference.

"Yes, for I shall be there."
"You?" ejaculated Mr. Badger.

"Yes, sir, I."
"Madam," returned Mr. Badger, laying down spaper: "if you are determined to be an his paper: idiot, please do not satisfy your ambition in my presence."

"Afraid of competition?" retorted Mrs.

Badger, sarcastically.
"You will not go, madam," continued Mr. Badger, judiciously paying no attention to her insinuation.

"I will be there." "You will not." "I will be there."

Mr. Badger ate his dinner in a restaurant that evening, and it was very late when he staggered home. He slept that night on the sofa, after first carefully placing his boots on the mantelpiece, and leaving his watch outside the door for the boy to black.

IV. "Where is Mrs. Badger?" asked Mr. Badger of the maid, when he returned home the next evening.

"She has gone out, sir." " Out ?"

"Yes, sir. The cook left to-day, and she said she was going to her mother's to stay tonight, and that you could cook the dinner yourself, or go to a restaurant, whichever was the easiest for you, sir."

Five hours later two Puritans, clad in snuffcolored suits, their slender legs protected by baggy trousers, their heads crowned with broad-brimmed sugar-loaf hats, and both heavily masked, meet in the wine-room of the dancinghall. The floor was thronged with gaudily-attired masqueraders, and the room was a blaze The two Puritans seemed to be in high spirits. Another kind of high spirits seemed to be in them. They seated themselves at a small table and chuckled.

"'Sall right, Brown."

"Becher life, Badger."

"Sh'ain't here. Fooled (hic) this time."
"Becher life (hic), Badger."
"Let's chassy (hic) mazurky."
"All right (hic). Come on."

VI. One hour later, while two snuff-colored Puritans were swinging two black-robed nuns around the corners of the lancers, a tall female, attired as a country-woman, and armed with an umbrella which was plethoric as to its middle, moved across the hall in the direction of the quartet. There was a lull in the music. The Puritans stood with their backs turned to the country-woman.

"Whack!" observed the umbrella, as it descended with terrible force on the hat of one of

the Puritans.
"Thud!" replied the hat, as it slid over the head of the luckless Puritan, like the snuffer "Whack! Whack!" repeated the umbrella,
"Thud! Thud!" replied the hat,
"Bang!" continued the umbrella, as it struck

the back of the Puritan.

"Thump! Poke! Jab! Dig!" went on the umbrella, as it drove the unfortunate Puritan across the floor in the direction of the door.

VIII.

The clock struck one as a tall woman dragged a limp, snuff-colored form out of a yellow cab, lugged it up the stone steps, and deposited it on the hall floor.

"I would have you understand," observed the tall woman, calmly: "St. Clair Badger, that I always keep my word. I was there.

She was, indeed.

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

THE KIND OF BEAR HE WAS.



"I am a Western hunter. But really I declare Until to-day I never Saw such a funny bear.

"Are you a hungry grizzly, Now tell me, and be quick; And why do you lean so sickly Upon that walking-stick?

"Come, have some style about you, And show your sand and fight; Your optics don't look vicious-Now tell me, am I right?"

And then the bear responded: "I am no bear at all: I'm but a skin of sawdust Sewed up, and that is all.

"My eyes are made of cut-glass, My smile is made with paint, And I can tell you, Mister A bear at all I ain't.

"Here all the day I 'm sitting, While breaks my wooden back, To let folks know the best place To buy a seal-skin sacque."

ments of hen. Man is a weak, fallible creature, and he ought not to seek to monkey with the anatomy of a fowl or to improvise joints and apertures where they do not belong; for at such time as you think not the knife will slip, and it will tip over the celery-glass and fill the bosom of a warm personal friend with gravy.

To attract attention and keep up the spirits of the company, there-

fore, I make it a kind of business, as it were, to fill the air with harmless amusement at the same time that I shed stuffing through the atmosphere and mutilate the bosom of the hen. This gives me an opportunity, occasionally, to gather up the sage, bread-crumbs and gizzards out of my lap, and return them to the platter without exciting remark.

A few weeks ago, on an occasion of this kind, a cousin of mine, a young lawyer connected with the Omaha road, a young man of good parts, and whose business it is to stand between the Omaha road and substantial Justice, at so much a year and traveling expenses, was present.

I had just said something smart to keep the company good-natured while I asked a young lady at the other end of the table to please return the duck which I had inadvertently presented to her with the carving-fork stuck in it. Everyone was laughing joyously and trying to conceal it by putting their napkins in their mouths, when my cousin turned to my little daughter and said:

"Bessie, haven't you got a funny papa, though?"
"Yes, indeed," said the ungrateful, unfilial and irreverent heir apparent to a great name: "You better believe he's funny — when we have company."

And yet people wonder why I am not the same genial host that I used to be, and why the chidren do not eat at the first table, and why there is a sound of kicking against the door of an adjoining room, and the occasional wail of a hungry child as the meal progresses.

Eli Perkins once told me that he was teaching his little girl to tell

the truth. I asked him who he employed to attend to the irksome task, and whether he was not rash to take up a branch of the science for which there was getting to be so little use.

It is said that truth is mighty and will prevail. It is certainly mighty in the mouth of a child. Still, we may always expect more or less of it from children, until they get to moving in good society

BILL NYE.

A JUVENILE "JEWDESPRIT."



[XXVIII.] HILDREN and fools tell the truth," I have heard, and certainly children have a faculty of working the truth in at the wrong time. Truth is a good thing—in its place. But the great harm comes from using it at an inopportune time. I am the only and original father of one of the class of children who are loquacious and truthful in a way that makes the parent heart bleed some-times. If this little incident did not happen to make me its victim, I would scorn to tell it, for people ought not to make themselves or their children too conspicuously smart in print.

Guests were invited to dinner, and while in my baronial hall the welkin rang and the cold baked bean was passed around amid joyous laughter and witty remarks rang out on the warm air—while the gorgeous flagons and glit-tering cut-glass and silver of a neighbor shone

resplendent beneath the mellow light of the chandelier and candelabra, the humble writer of these lines, as the host, would ever and anon make a brilliant remark which would be received with wild and tumultuous applause.

If a guest sought to evade his duty as an applauder, or to come in on time with his or her welcome plaudit, that guest was marked by the

eagle eye of the carvist, and he was given the neck of the turkey and the wing of the duck as a mark of respect.

Habitual guests at my house have learned this, and when I ladle out the gravy and a "Jew de sprit," as A. Ward called it, they know that they can take their choice between boisterous laughter and starvation. In this way the meal passes off with much éclat. For each slash of the carving-knife there is a suitable joke, and those who have been in the habit of eating at my table are aware that there is a proper mo-

ment for mirth, just as there is for napkins, finger-bowls or coffee.

I do this partly because I want to draw attention from my carving. My carving is like my dancing. It is not conventional. It is extremely original, bold and audacious. I try to introduce joints where Nature did not intend to have them, and I seek to make short-cuts across a fowl in a way that is productive only of chagrin, vexation and frag-



- Why the children do not eat at the first table.-

THE CHESTNUT-TREE.

It is said that a chestnut-tree is about the worst kind of tree to have around a house. We have looked the matter up, and think so too. Therefore, don't have a chestnut-tree around the place. If you want chestnuts, you will find the chestnut-stand mightier than the tree, because you can't get them roasted on the tree.

Woodman, don't spare the chestnut-tree, touch every bough on it as soon as possible, and make the touch go clear through.

The reason that the chestnut-tree should be cast out is that it is a nuisance. It bears about a thousand leaves to one chestnut, and the leaves begin to fall in September, and keep it up until Xmas, so that you have to hire a man about twice a week to clear them up.

In Summer it is a regularly ordained rendezvous for the servant and her Romeo in the evening, and during the day its shade attracts all the urchins in the neighborhood, who delight in playing marbles under it, or swinging on it. If the limbs are strong enough to accommodate the swing, you are annoyed all day by the school-boys' shouts of laughter and loud-mouthed criticisms on passing events; and if it is not strong enough to hold the swing, you are sued for damages by the father of the boy with the broken back.

Then in the Autumn each chestnut is watched, as it has been watched all Summer, by anywhere from ten to a hundred boys; and they come around early in the morning before you are up, and commence hurling sticks and stones into the branches to fetch the chestnuts down. This is a sure method of getting the chestnuts, except when a stone goes all the way through the boughs and lands among the limbs of the dreamer whose bed is near the window.

With a good rake you can generally collect wood enough from the limbs of a chestnut-tree in December to last you all Winter for kindling purposes. Of course, it will not kindle a flame in the bosom of the cook as quickly as non-explosive kerosene; but when you come home at night you will find your chestnut-tree decorated with a poster announcing the date of a church fair or a cattle auction.

Another thing against the chestnut-tree is that nothing can grow near it except a scandal. The roots kill everything in the vicinity by their wonderful draft.

A man in New Jersey, who is living in a handsome, cheap, put-up-in-two-weeks glucose house, won't have a chestnut near his house, because the house is already full of drafts. It would seem, however, that a chestnut-tree in the kitchen might be a good remedy for a bad draft in the range. A sight-draft is generally more satisfactory at short range, but you may rest assured that you cannot raise anything near a chestnut-tree.

The man above alluded to had some chestnut-trees in front of his house, and he couldn't raise anything on the place. They completely ruined the potato and chicken crops, and he found it impossible to raise the mortgage in the Fall.

"Under the spreading chestnut-tree the negro minstrel stands," remarked old Ichabod Snummev.

mey.
"What is he doing there, grandpa?" inquired little blue-eyed Effie.

little blue-eyed Effie.

"He is gathering chestnuts, my dear," replied the old man, as he ran his fingers fondly through the golden ringlets of his little grand-child

"And what is he going to do with them, grandpa?" asked the little girl.

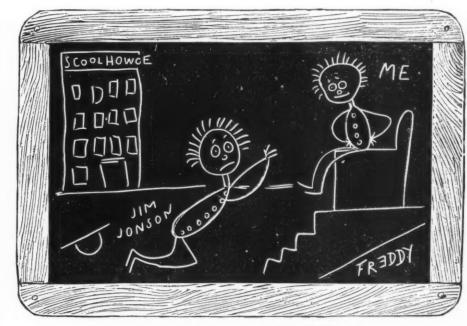
"He is going to get them off at the show to-night, as he rattles his tambourine."

"No, he isn't, grandpa," said little Effie, clapping her hands.

"Why isn't he?" asked the old man.

FREDDY'S SLATE

AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyoarkfebbewerryten

dear puck

venjense sum times cums slo but It is good when it cums

my time has cum now i hav Bin watin four it butt it is hear

i cend you a car Toon reppresentin the stait Of affares betwene me an jim jonson it is an alligorricle car Toon an alligorry is

it is an alligorricle car Toon an alligorry is wen A thing aint troo but you maik bleeve it is in A pickcher

but this is jest sollid trooth An doant you maik a misstaik

i hav got jim jonson ware the hare Is short an i am havven lots off fun

exammenasion time is cummin A round an jim jonson is orfle weke on A rithmitick

i am way up On A rithmatic

i am better eaven than i Am on spelin an he has hatter com to me two gett his sums Dun

o i tel you i Am getten squair with him four the joak he plade on my sisster genny wen she gott marrid

i am helpin him with his somes an i am

maikin him pay me
i am orlreddy a hed off him won beneshooter
ilevin appels a pece of fishin lion sum choon
gum a slait pensle an a jacnife

thus i hav the miscriant att my fete as thay say in gorey jawge the bos book i evver red

yours fixt

freddy

p s cen back my slaight soon jim jonson an i ar gone to hav an oled time rackit

"Because," replied little Effie: "those chestnuts are just ripe, and won't be old enough for the minstrels for seventy-five years."

As the sunbeams danced along the porch, old Ichabod Snummey gazed upon little Effie with pride. And there, in the musical hush of the Autumn twilight, he gave her a middle name, and vowed that she should one day go to Vassar.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Answers for the Anxions.

R. R. TRAIN.—Go slow.

COSTIGAN, JR.—Your line is clearly light undertaking.

LOUISIANA JAMES.—A cotton-compress might squeeze some humor out of you; but nothing else would.

A. J., Duluth.—Your poem invites us to "pour you the rosy wine;" but we respectfully decline the job. If, however, you care to have us press the cup of hemlock to your ruby lips, or to dole out to you three little fingers of corrosive sublimate, you will find us right on hand.

WILLY WEE.—When you next feel a burning desire to copy out our own jokes to send to us as original contributions, you will do well to select issues of five or six years ago, and avoid the last PUCK'S ANNUAL. The jests are quite as merry, and not so familiar to our memory.

SAM. W. W.—The introduction of your sketch into our Art Department caused temporary paralysis of the optic nerve in one or two valued members of our staff. From a few casual remarks which we heard made upon the subject, we think it probable that you are something of a failure as an artist, although calculated to be a distinguished success as a corpse.

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE BASE-BALL players are unanimously in favor of a flat bat. What the public would like is a square umpire.

"What One Girl Did," is the title of a story in an exchange. If she was like the majority of girls, it would be easier to tell what she didn't do.

"Is there nobody who is willing to make killing a profession?" asks the Boston *Post*. Did our Esteemed Contemporary never hear of a physician?

Nadjezda Stepanovna Sokhansky, one of the most popular story-writers in Russia, is dead. If a woman with that name can succeed, the Smiths ought to take courage.

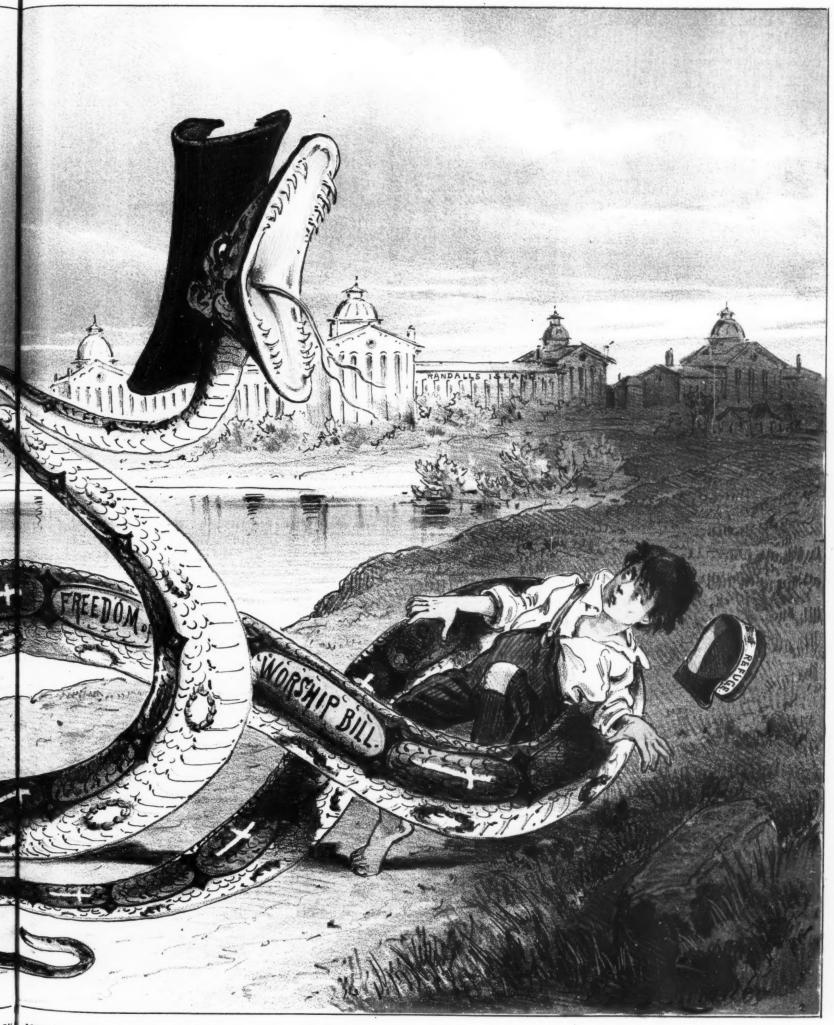
THE GRAHAM PUFF, according to an exchange, is composed principally of Graham flour, eggs and milk. The circus puff is generally made of gall, falsehood, and a half-dozen

JOHN MIGGLES says he is willing to stand a great deal; but when his wife gives him a curtain-lecture, lasting from 11:30 P. M. to 1:30 A. M., and then hangs up on the sofa the next day a tidy bearing the inscription: "Where were you last night?" it is going a trifle over the line,



THIS IS WHAT THE "FREEDOM OF WORSHIP" BIL MEANS.

dK.



MEANS. - CAN WE HOLD THE EVIL IN CHECK?

PUCK.

RECENT LITERATURE.

That pleasing young poet, Mr. Virgil, has again given us a charming little collection of verses, and, in spite of the haste necessary in preparing the work for the holidays, he seems to have maintained an excellently high standard. An elaborate criticism would at this time be premature and rash, but we confidently predict that Mr. Virgil, for his close observation of country life, will win a large coterie of ad-He is a farmer by profession, and in his daily work he subjects nature to a scrutiny which overlooks nothing. He says of himself that he cannot even milk a cow without something striking him. The reader will find a graceful allusion to this matter in a verse we shall quote below.

If there is a daisy, he sees it; on the other hand, such are his remarkable powers of observation, if there is not a daisy, he does not see it. At one time a mad bull pronged him through the lung. Mr. Virgil was aware of it at once. On another occasion he dug a ditch ten feet deep, one kilogram long and two parasangs in width. If Newton had performed this work, it would have at once suggested itself to his mathematical mind: "How many ditches like this can I dig, working ten hours a day, before I acquire sense enough to import an Irishman?" Virgil, on the contrary, wrote a poem about the ditch, which created a great fury. The masses said: "Such a brain as this would fill a long felt hat." Some, carried away by enthusiasm, even said they would rather read his description than dig the ditch themread his description than dig the differ themselves. Virgil did not attempt to conceal his delight. "When I dig another ditch," said he: "I will immediately let you know."

No one, probably, is a clearer reader than Virgil of human nature. Speaking of the agriculturist in harvest-time, he dives below the

splendid exterior, and finds in the farmer's heart a real sadness. He says:

When the hay and wheat are ripe, Oft he hits his brow a swipe, As he sees his hired manlet Eating eleven pounds of tripe.

And in the bleak month of December:

Now we see the farmer jump, And we also see him hump;
For the less the cow produces,
Why, the more he has to pump.

A common misfortune on the farm is well shadowed forth in the following:

Now we hear the farm-wife mutter
That if she could sell the butter
Which she's dropped into the ashes—
Why, her joy would be too utter.

In a note he says: "We cannot hear her mutter this; but she can hear herself loud enough to make up."

His power of rapid, dramatic apostrophe is well shown in the passage we promised to cite, where, breaking off from an easily-flowing description of "milking-time," he suddenly electrifies us with the exclamation:

Whoop! it makes me faint and sick: See the farmer with the stick! See him club the pretty hossy That switched out his eye so slick!

Immediately afterwards, as if to calm our agitation at this dreadful scene, he says:

Western winds are in the South, Rain or shine, there'll be a drouth; But I love the artless maiden With her finger in her mouth.

His social pictures are the finest we remember to have seen; excepting, perhaps, those by the Marquis de Leuville. He does not so much describe as he puts the characters right before our eyes.

With the à-la-mode-dressed girl
With the pull-the-bell-cord curl!
Every Sunday she goes riding,
And her life 's a perfect whirl.

With whom does she ride? He tells us in the next verse:

See the graceful farm galoot With the number 'leven boot: Do you marvel that she loves him In that seven-dollar suit?

The whole book is equally chaste, and free from the objectionable levity which mars current literature. It is to be regretted that some of the work is in Latin. This will make the book impenetrable to college students, to whom knowledge should be made easily accessible.

Let it be understood, our praise is not unqualified. City men will rightly judge Virgil's description of the country to be superficial and inexact; but when allowances are made, we think they will agree with us that, for a farmer, he has achieved a veritable triumph.

WILLISTON FISH.

HOW THE LONG LOST RETURNED;

SCRAPS FROM A PRINTING-OFFICE.

I.

FOR SALE-TWO IMPORTED BULL-TERRIER PUPS. EIGHT weeks old. All the points. A I pedigree. Call and see. JINKS, Sportsman's Rest, 1001 Bowery.

\$50 REWARD—LOST OR STOLEN FROM OWNER'S RESI-dence, 100 Tremont Street, Boston, a brindle bull-terrier; weight, 38 lbs.; 1½ years old; silver collar with "Jack" on it; very savage and handsome. Re-turn to Mr. Russell Lowell Browne at above address.

Admit Mr ..

GENTLEMEN'S RECEPTION

CHARLIE'S FREE AND EASY, Long Island City, Sunday, — , at 9 P. M.

Billy Munn's "Jack" vs. Joe Jones's "Demon." Pools, French and Auction. Tickets, \$5.

ASH & CARBOY, WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, 202 Cedar Street, New York.

Mercury. SPECIALTIES. Calomel, Corrosive Sublimate,

\$100 REWARD FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING UNwho was the second of the seco

VI.

MOSES J. MENDELBAUM,

MOSES J. MENDELBAUM,
6 Baxter Street, New York,
Manufacturer of Imported
LEBERWURST, BLUTWURST, BOLOGNAWURST, BOCKWURST, FRANKFURTERS, &c., &c., &c.
Best Materials used, or money refunded.

VII.

METZEL-SUPPE UND SCHLACHT-FEST

AT TONY STEIN'S HARVARD BUDWEIS ANNEX, Friday Night, January 15th.

VIII.

DIED

Suddenly, Russell Lowell Browne, at his residence, 100 Tremont Street, Boston, in his 19th year. Ceremonial, Dr. Johns-Smythe presiding, Tuesday, 19th, at 2 P. M.

IX.

WE, a jury of twelve house-holders, duly summoned and sworn by the coroner, find—viz., namely and to wit:

That the deceased, said Browne, came to his death by a violent attack of gastritis and enteritis, produced by a large amount of a poisonous chemical, called and known as corrosive sublimate, the same being chloride of mer-

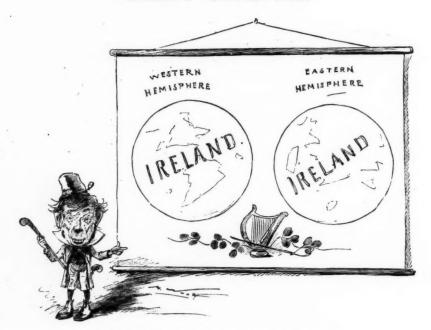
But that how, in what manner, when, where and by whom, or for what reason said corrosive sublimate was used, taken, eaten, drunk, administered or employed, your jury know not, and therefore make no finding.

W. E. S. F.

You want to know what we mean when we call fancy groceries food for reflection, eh? Well, it is because, in view of the exceeding great glucosity of fancy groceries, we consider them better food for reflection than for the human stomach. You don't think it a very great joke, don't you? Well, we don't, either; but we think it a great nickel-plated truth, and nickel-plated truth is the thing that we are constantly searching after.

THE THING that goes against the porcupine's grain gets the worst of it.

EASILY SATISFIED.



"BEGORRA, THIN, THAT'S ALL WE WANT!"

"NOT IN THE BILL."



"Now, ladies, let me explain to you how this thing works,"



bang!

ÆSOP AROUND AGAIN.

An Alleged Joke and the Patent-Medicine Ad.

An Alleged Joke, that had gone the rounds of the press for the hundredth time, made its appearance one day as a Brand-new Witticism in the columns of a Religious Weekly, and presently espying a Patent-Medicine Ad., in-

"How's business?"
"Miserable," answered the PatentMedicine Ad.: "Somehow the People pay no more attention to me. I'm sure I try to make it pleasant for every one. Only the other day I expatiated at length in the most Cheerful Language about a new and very Palatable Pill; but I was skipped over as usual."

"Aye, there's the rub," replied the
Alleged Joke: "You deal in False
Pretenses, and if there's any one thing the

People won't stand—"
"False Pretenses!" shrieked the Patent-Medicine Ad., growing black in the face with anger: "Why, mark you, sir, Whatever I may say, no man is deceived thereby; for does not every one well know that I deal in nothing but good honest Poison? While you, sir-you basely stab a man to the heart with a worn-out pun, while you pretend to smile in his face."
"Hold, hold!" exclaimed the Alleged Joke:

"I see you understand the Situation." accomplish nothing by abusing each other. Suppose we pool our issues for awhile? I think we would make a whole team. Just hide behind me here, and we will knock over the first

Hypochondriac that comes along."
"Agreed," said the Patent-Medicine Ad., and thereupon they joined hands, while Old Mortality, who chanced to overhear the compact, smiled serenely and hastened to prepare for a rush of business.

Moral-When Criminals conspire Fools must J. B. Bell.

THE MESSENGER-BOY should frame as an axiomatic excuse: "The more haste the less

A SOUTHERN EDITOR says that all angels are blondes. From this we would infer that he married a brunette.



EVERY YEAR.

Life is a count of losses-every year; Men get euchered "tradin' hosses"-Lost springs with sobs replying, Hot springs with lovers sighing, Are to nervous systems trying-every year.

The days have less of gladness-every year; People strike more cussèd badness-every year; Church fairs no longer charm us, "Tanglefoot" begins to harm us, Social lies perhaps alarm us-every year.

We see fewer fair dream faces-every year; Fools bet higher on two aces-every year; Ah, the merry little mashes, And the heart some maiden smashes Sleep in sackcloth and mashes—every year.

There come new cares and sorrows-And some "bloke" our money borrows-every year;

We make meetings with the ladies, We stroll with them where the shade is, And they bid us go to Hades-every year.

Ah, how sad to look before us-every year; And see fools come in to bore us-every year; See our locks becoming whiter, And our bald head growing brighter, And our purse, too, getting lighter-every year.

F. S. RYMAN.

BEANVILLE JOURNALISM.

How the Foreman Put the Editor UP TO A NEW RACKET.

The old year had but a few more hours of life. The sun of '84 had gone down for the last time on snowclad valley and wind-swept hill-top. It had set forever on city and plain, on the mansions of the rich and the hovels of the poor. The evening shadows were falling on the spires and roofs of Beanville. The old year was dying; the wind, moaning under the eaves of Deacon Pogram's barn, its only requiem.

From the street came the sound of sleigh-bells and cheery laughter. The light from the parsonage fell soft on the snow-clad front yard, and touched with ineffable tenderness the advance-guard of a ravenous donation-party which was approaching.

Far more alluring was the light that shone through the chinks of the blinds that shielded the "back room" of the Beanville tavern from the gaze of the curious. Far brighter that which streamed from the second-story windows of the Eagle editorial and composingrooms.

The old year was dying there, too, as well as on the snow-clad valley and wind-swept hill-That was shown by the subscription-bills which the editor was preparing for his patrons.

"I suppose you think you're going to collect some of those subscription-bills," said the fore-man, who stood by, watching his theoretical chief prepare a stack of bills to delinquent subscribers.

"Certainly. Why not?" responded the other:
"Ain't half of them at least as good as wheat?

Didn't they pay up last year as soon as the bills reached them?"

"Yes," replied the foreman, who thought he could run the paper better than it had ever been run before: "but last year, if I remember rightly, you'd fulfilled your duty to your subscribers, and this year, if my information is correct, you haven't."

"What are you driving at?" demanded the nominal chief of the office.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'm driving at," said the foreman, sternly: "Last year—thanks to me-you took care to mention the name of every man who owed his subscription before you sent him his bill. Then they all felt well

disposed, and were quite willing to pay up when called upon. Have you done that this year? Just look back at the file and see if you have. Now the paper 's all ready to go to press, and you're sending out a lot of bills to folks that you haven't treated square. You expect 'em all to pay up, and, what's more, you're counting on getting their money so's to meet that bill for type next week. That's about the that bill for type next week. size of it, ain't it?"

The editor admitted that it was, but added, apologetically, that he had mentioned every-

body who could be mentioned.

"What are you going to say about a man if he don't do anything worth mentioning?" he exclaimed: "Didn't I give Deacon Pogram and Deacon Tew a big send-off on their horse-Didn't I do the square thing by Lish Deuzenbury when he sold his speckled hen? Wasn't Deacon Perkins mentioned in good style when he led the prayer-meeting? Maybe you could ring in more names than I have. If so, you'd better try it, and I'll go into the composing-room and see if I can't get the paper to That'll give press a little before midnight. better satisfaction all round.'

The foreman placidly ignored the reflection on his own lack of skill. He smiled blandly as he produced a proof-slip from his pocket, and waved it under the editor's nose.

"I guess the sooner we trade off positions, the better it'll be," he said, calmly: "Now I'll read you a little something I wrote for just such an emergency as this. It's in type now, and you can use your own discretion—which isn't very much, at the best-about putting it You're the boss here, not I. Now, this is what I wrote so's to ring in the names of all those people you've been sending bills to. I call it 'The Country Church-Yard.' It runs somewhat in this style:

The soft-falling snow "" Winter has come. has spread its dazzling mantle over the earth, covering hill and meadow, and weighting the hemlocks with fleecy load. The mountain torrents are chained with an icy key. The wood-land paths are choked and impassable. We are shut out from the old familiar haunts through which we loved to wander when the Summer sun warmed our blood, or when Autumn's leaves bestrewed our pathway. Where shall we stroll now? Let us hie us to the quiet country church-yard. Let us pass through the superb iron gateway, which stands as a lasting testi-monial to the public spirit of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Hezekiah Trumbull, and the artistic excellence of the products of the South Beanville Iron Foundry

"'On the right of the gateway a stately marble shaft greets our eye, and records the virtues of him who sleeps beneath it, deeply mourned by his son-in-law, Hiram Fitch, the popular furniture-dealer. A few faded wreaths adorn the shaft, and show that the dead are not forgotten by those who trade with Elisha Simonds, the

reliable florist.

"'Who sleeps in yonder vault? Whose crumbling bones lie secure within Jabez Higgin-botham's four walls of solid and enduring masonry? The grated door is fastened with a Yale lock, purchased at Josiah Nichol's hardware-store, (that'll nail him for all his job-printing, I guess,) and the ivy which festoons the walls was planted by the loving hands, and watered by the tears of the Widow Simpkins, who, if report be true, will soon be led again to the altar, with the rowan blush on her cheeks.

"'A few steps further on we come to the modest inclosure of Squire Stainsbury. Here there is no vainglory or display. Little would the wayfarer think that beneath these unostentatious brown-stone slabs—the pick of Henry Snow's job lot of tomb-stones; there are a few more left-sleep the relatives of the genial publisher of the county map.

"'Near by two men in rustic garb are at work on a grave. The sound of pick and shovel breaks on the still air. They are the lightning grave-diggers and champion wood-sawyers of the county-John Collins and Henry Ashton. The village church-bell is solemnly tolling— John Pogram's eldest boy is at the bell-rope—and the funeral cortège is drawing near. We see the waving plumes of Undertaker John Coffin's bran-new hearse and hear the jingle of the sleigh-bells. One more Beanvillian has joined the great majority, and will soon be committed to the dust from which he sprung."
"There," said the foreman: "Don't you

rather think I've covered the hull ground pretty thoroughly? Now you can send out your bills with some chance of hearing from them."

"Put it in," said the editor, briefly.
J. L. FORD.

HIS SCHEME.

IT WILL not be Winter always. Soon will blow the crimson roses, And the pond will not be frozen, But will be O. K. for swimming.

When it 's warm enough for swimming, Then it 's warm enough for poodle-Dogs to wear their Summer muzzles When they run along the highway.



"I see Dr. Blister is dead."

"What did he die of?"

"He died of bilious fever." "I am surprised to hear that, because he boasted he could cure me of bilious fever."

"How much did he charge you?"

"He charged me a fearful bill. I believe it was upward of three hundred dollars."

"Well, that explains why he did not cure himself. He was a close man, and at those figures he couldn't afford to cure himself.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Jones.—Yes, sir, it is mighty hard to collect

money just now. I know it.
Smith.—Indeed. Have you tried to collect and failed?

J.—Oh, no. S.—How, then, do you know that money is hard to collect?

J .- Because several people have tried to collect of me. - Boston Courier.

A Kansas City man has patented an article which will prove invaluable to many newspaper editors. It consists of a pair of shears with three blades, two of which can be adapted to the columns of a newspaper so that they will cut both sides at once, while the third blade is chopping the clippings off at the proper place. Truly the world is progressing rapidly.- Norristown Herald.

THERE is a castle near Milan, Italy, which repeats an echo sixty times. How that castle would get rattled on one of Evarts's sentences! -Boston Post.

THEY BLOW OUR HORN.

Puck's Annual for 1885 has appeared, and is for sale at all news-dealers'. It is the work of Puck's staff of artists and contributors, and is fully equal to any of its predecessors, which is equivalent to saying that a better twenty-five-cent book of popular humor was never produced in this or any other country. V. Hugo Dusenbury, Puck's Professional Poet, furnishes the poetry for the months, and we are inclined to believe that he is also the author of "Puck's Patent Poetical Birthday Book" for the months, in which the popular writers of the day for the months, in which the popular writers of the day are cleverly imitated. The illuminated cover of the Annual is very handsome. - Norristown Herald.

There is enough fun in PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1885 to There is enough fun in PUCK's ANNUAL for 1885 to last a super-calendared year. Just as the shavings of a carpenter's shop are better kindlings than the lumber which is used every day, so the exuberance of drollery collected in the ANNUAL is better calculated to kindle the fire of cachinnation than the high pitch of prestiment edi-torial humor hebdomadally served in Puck. Among the contributors are Robert Grant, G. T. Lanigan, Munkit-trick, and many others. The illustrations vary in char-acter, but many of them are irresistible.—Philadelphia

Everybody in the United States has been hungering and thirsting for Puck's Annual for 1885, and now they may be satisfied. The book is out, with the funniest almanac it has ever had, and poems and pictures and condensed sensational novels in such quantities that the covers threaten to stand at right angles to each other. Though, come to think of it, that appearance may be due to the fact that it is always open when there is a human being about who knows how to read. Nothing Puck issues ever is flat in any sense.—Syracuse Herald.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1885 comes with a modest request not to say anything in commendation of it. Well, it does not need much. It is brought out in the most superb not need much. It is brought out in the most superb manner of any of the publications of Keppler & Schwarz-mann; is illustrated in a comic vein without being vulgar, and is furnished with a text of more than usual amusement. So we will say nothing in its favor, having men-tioned the one fact that the ANNUAL is its own best advertisement and recommendation. - Washington Republic.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1885 is at hand, as full as ever of pure fun and sparkling merriment. From the humorous dedication to the word "Finis," there is not a dull or stale page or paragraph. The best contributors among Puck's writers and artists have furnished the materials, which are put together in the most attractive way. Every-body reads Puck and knows its many merits, and it is necessary only to say that PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1885 out-Puckers PUCK.—Boston Times.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1885 derives its literary quality chiefly from its verse. "A Look Back" and Mr. Robert Grant's "Froth: a Wagnerian Operetta," are noteworthy bits of vers de société; and neat and delicate also is "Left Behind," by P. O'Hara. Of the prose, perhaps the best bit is Mr. J. L. Ford's "Samples of Humor," which reveals much keenness of observation. The illustrations are many and various in value .- The Nation.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1885 is a "collection of bursts of genius," calculated to furnish many half-hours of fun and amusement. The jokes are accompanied with diagrams and illustrations, and there is no question of the witticisms penetrating the comprehension of the simplest-minded reader. Poems, tales and brief paragraphs, funny, very funny, and just funny enough to compose the merry tome. -Rochester Democrat.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1885 is one of the cleverest and ANUAL for 1885 is one of the cleverest and drollest of the exquisitely funny series of ANNUALs they have issued. Robert Grant, G. T. Lanigan, Paul Pastnor and other well-known writers contribute, while Keppler, Opper, Gillam and the rest make the pictorial portions inimitable, -Boston Courier.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia. Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose. Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet. Lundborg's Ferfume, Lily of the Va ley.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA, When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA, When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA, When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

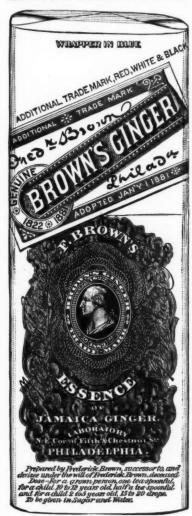
Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of Puck must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 24, 25, 27, 29, 32, 33, 34, 37, 38, 41, 47, 48, 50, 53, 54, 56, 77, 79, 82, 87, 88, 131, 133, 154 and 371 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents, and numbers 10 and 26 at 50 cents per copy.

Below is a fac-simile of the Bottle of The Cenuine **Brown's Ginger**

(SIZE REDUCED ONE-FOURTH.) SEE THAT STRIP OVER CORK IS UNBROKEN.



FOR-Cramps, Colic, Stomach-Ache, Indigestion, etc.





JOHN P. LOVELL'S SONS, BOSTON, MASS.



titui Penell 50c. By getting five of your friends to on, you obtain an Elegant Pencil and a lovely pack of CAXTON PRINTING CO., Wallingford

JUST OUTFor Holidays, the large No. 1 Giant St. GIANT FRINTING PRESS, \$1 audit, \$10 St. GIANT FRINTING PRESS, \$1 audit, \$10 St. GIANT SELF-INKER, \$2; with a script type outit, \$3.50. Sample cards and catalogue, \$6.00. C. EVANS, \$0.00. N. Inth \$1.4. Philada, Pa.

The morn was cold, the kindling-wood was green, The girl brought forth the can of kerosene; Released from earthly care and earthly toil, She fools no more with non-explosive oil.—Ex.

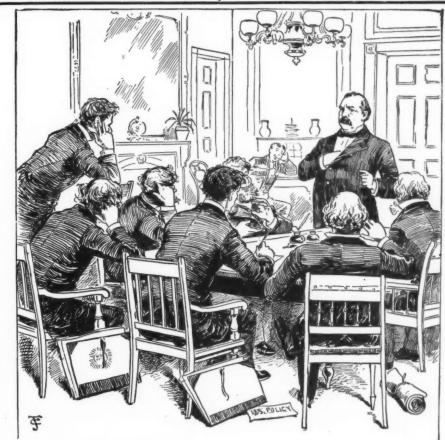
"The West," the lecturer said: "is a vast, illimitable, mighty, changing land. It is large. It takes two men to see the edge of it, and then they have to look twice. Everything is on the same large scale. People out there wear box-cars for watch-charms. I do not. I am too short." Then, looking sadly toward the ground, he added: "I wear them for overshoes." Need he added: "I wear them for overshoes." Need it be added that he was a Chilouis man? (Chicago and St. Louis papers please copy, with leave to amend.) - Brooklyn Eagle.

THE CELEBRATED

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS. WAREROOMS:

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SOHMER & CO. CHICACO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND TO HIS CABINET, MARCH 4th, 1885.

Gentlemen: In entering upon the administration of public affairs, let us first discuss the question of Policy. No doubt each of you has a policy.

Members of Cabinet: Yes! yes! we all have Policies.

President: Your careful consideration will be required in the matter of a Foreign Policy.

Members of Cabinet: No! no! We want a United States Policy.

President: Let us reach facts. What is your Policy?

Members of Cabinet: An Accident Policy in the UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION at half rates. The best in the world.

President: Gentlemen, I find I have made no mistake. Your Policy is the best one. You have acted with wisdom, fore-thought and prudence. You have protected yourselves, you are capable of protecting the public at large. I know The United States Mutual Accident Association to be a sound institution; its rates are low; it has no valid claims contested nor any unpaid. With this gratifying assurance, we will now proceed to discuss the next most important question, the Spanish Treaty.

NOTE. The United States Mutual accident company in the world. The Membership Fee is \$5, payable but once. About \$13 a year (which may be paid at one time if preferred or as the assessments are made during the year) will carry a policy that assures to those having a preferred occupation \$5,000 in the event of death by accident, or \$25 a week in case of disabling injury; \$10,000 accident insurance with \$50 weekly indemnity at proportionate rates.

No professional or business man should be without accident at a time when most needed. For further particulars send for Circular and Application Blank to 220 and 232

outlay secures so large an indemnity in the event of serious accident at a time when most needed. For further particulars send for Circular and Application Blank to 320 and 322 Broadway, New York.

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President.

JAMES R. PITCHER,
Secretary.

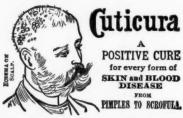
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STANCH AND RELIABLE. THE POPE MFG. CO.,

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Tables, celebrated for fine workmanship, quickness and durability of cushions. Prices low and terms easy. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Factory and WAREROOMS 105 EAST 9th St., N. Y.



CZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure. This repeated daily, with two or three doess of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Prurius, Scall Head, Dandruff, and every species of Iching, Scaly, and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible lood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers free from poisonous ingre-

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

HEALTH.

Swift's Specific cured me of rheumatism three months ago, after my physicians had exhausted their remedies without giving relief.

C. P. GOODYBAR, Att'y at Law, Brunswick, Ga.

I have been entirely relieved of severe rheumatism in my right arm by the use of Swift's Specific, and passed through last winter without a relapse.

SIDNEY HERBERT, Ed. So. Cultivator, Atlanta, Ga.

SIDNEY HERBERT, Ed. So. Cultivator, Atlanta, Ga. TWENTY YEARS.—I had been a sufferer from rheumatism twenty years; was reduced to a skeleton; could hardly get about, even on crutches. Swift's Specific has cured me sound and well,
MRS. EZRA MERSHON, MACON, Ga.
Swift's Specific has relieved me of rheumatism which at one time threatened to stop my ministerial work.
REV. W. A. KIEK, Cross Plains, Ala.
Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of

Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, casily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass. 35

Fine Custom Tailoring

OVERCOATINGS,

SUITINGS,

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The Choice of Foreign and Home Manufacture.

SAMPLES AND SELF-MEASUREMENT RULES MAILED ON APPLICATION.

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BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

CASH NOT TRASH Superior Quality Cards. tend 10c, for a pack of 50 of our New Embossed Cards for 1885, or if you wish to getup actub, send us 16 name and \$1.00, and keep the remaining fifty Cents for your trouble. Royal Card Co., Northford, 4t.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two of three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

Mr. TALMAGE says: "The chain of life is made up of a great variety of links, long links and small links, iron links, gold links, beautiful links, ugly links, solemn links and mirthful links; but they are all part of one chain of destiny." True, very true; but why not add missing links, sausage links, bobolinks and lynx?—Boston

A RUNAWAY HORSE in Stockton, Cal., ran upon a baby-carriage, dragged it fifty feet, and kicked it into splinters, and yet the baby escaped. This may appear miraculous to those who do not reflect that perhaps the baby was not in the carriage at the time.—Boston Post.

"Pa," said a little boy: "this paper, in speaking of the party at our house last night, calls it 'a notable event in society.' What does that mean?"

"It means reading-matter, at a dollar a line," replied the father .- Good Cheer.

Ruskin says that Athene, the Goddess of Wisdom, wore bangs. We shall still entertain a favorable opinion of the woman until some inquisitive person discovers that she chewed gum and wore four gold rings on one finger .-Norristown Herald.

It seems to be every man for himself in this world. The icemen go around with smiling faces, little caring that the cold which gives them their harvest has ruined the peach-crop again .- Boston Courier.

DE insecks is sometimes got more sense dan a man. When yer sees a pusson foolin' 'roun' er ho'nets' nest, yer may know dat de pusson, 'stead o' de ho'net, is er makin' er mistake .--Arkansaw Traveler.

DE narrer-minded man totes a short string, by which he measures de good qualities o' de men whut he meets; but his own good p'ints he measures wid er cloze-line. - Arkansaw Traveler.

Popular discrimination in favor of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has given it a larger sale than any other remedy of its class. Price 25 cents.

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, &c., can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.



Write for Catalogue. WAREROOMS, 3 W. 14th ST., N. Y.

THE MOST POPULAR IN USE Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 333, 161. FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS.
ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York

book, with strong endorsements and photographic bad cases before and after cure, mailed for ten cents.

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Price, 25 Cents.

A natural Champagne ampagne ented in th bottle, blute purity, mparison

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AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
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owder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for

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THE BEST SEEDS. One hundred
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MASQUERADE BAL

Metropolitan Opera House, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17th, 1885.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17th, 1885.

Tickets \$10, admitting gentleman and one lady (additional ladies' tickets \$3), can be had by introduction, of the following gentlemen: Wm. Vigellus, 175 Pearl Street,
Henry Merz, 55 Maiden Lane.
Hugo Schumann, Germ. Fire, 175 Broadway.
Emil Ungrr, 50 Park Place.
Edward Uhl, N. V. Staats-Zeitung,
John von Glahn, 36 Chambers Street.
Louis Kammerer, 136 Greene Str.
Richard H. Adams, 495 Broadway.
Chas. Klunder. 907 Broadway.
Chas. Klunder. 907 Broadway.
H. C. F. Koch, Corner 20th Street and 6th Avenue.
Boxes and Tickets of William Steinway, 111 East 14th Street;
Constantin Schmidt, 33 Broad Street; and Liederkranz Hall,
111—119 East 58th Street.

ARION MASQUERADE BALL

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,

Monday, February 23, 1885.

Tickets, admitting Gentleman and Lady, \$5 (extra Ladies' ket \$2), can be had of—
CONSTANTIN SCHMIDT, 23 Broad St.;
F. KALDENBERG, 125 Fulton St. & 6 Astor Howse:
C. M. Vom Baur, 93 Greene St.;
GEO. HANFT, 795 Broadway;
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SOHMER & Co., 149—155 E., 14th *t.;
NETZEL & FRAMBACH, 27 Union Square;
OGDEN & KATZENNAYER, 83 Liberty St.;
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HANFT BROS., 224 Fifth Ave.;
ADOLEH LE MOULT, 172 Bowery;
PALM & FECHTELER. 3 W. 13th St.;
CONST. LUCIUS, \$41 6th Ave.;
CHAS. LURCH, 337 FOURTH AVE.;
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ALBERT SMITH & Co., 144 Fulton St., Brooklyn;
and at Arion Hall, 19 & 21 St. Mark's Place.

IN response to numerous inquiries, we beg leave to announce that the following of our Annual Publications are still in print, and can be had of all Book-sellers and News-dealers, or will be mailed by us upon receipt of advertised price:

Puck's Almanac for 1878, 15 cents. Puck's Annual for 1880, 25 cents. Puck's Annual for 1881, 25 cents. Puck's Annual for 1882, 25 cents. Puck's Annual for 1883, 25 cents. PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1884, 25 cents. PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1885, 25 cents. Puck on Wheels, No. 1, 1880, 25 cts. Puck on Wheels, No. 3, 1882, 25 cts. Puck on Wheels, No. 4, 1883, 25 cts. Puck on Wheels, No. 5, 1884, 25 cts. [In regular (book)binding, 40 cents.]

And

PICKINGS FROM PUCK,

(First Series, 12th Edition,) 25 cts. Puck's Campaign Series, 1884, \$3.75; by mail, \$4.25.

> KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, 21-25 Warren Street.

"IT's terrible, it is," said Hannah Smiley, as she threw down the paper: "how those poor people in great cities live. Everything seems to combine against them. No light in their tenements, no society except the worst, and everything that is unclean all about them. don't see how they live."

"They don't live," suggested Ichabod: "they simply fail to die."

And the old couple seemed to be more thankful than ever that they lived in the country where pure air, good neighbors and cleanliness were the foundation elements of comfort.— Hartford Post.

According to an ancient philosopher, "from sleep comes digestion." It is said the New York policemen have the best digestions in the world, which fact would seem to refute the old philos—or rather, perhaps, maybe—but, after all, come to think about it, the ancient gentleman's theory may be all right.-Norristown

Blair's Pills,—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, \$1; round, 50 cents. At all druggists.

A sound mind goes very seldom without a sound digestion, and nothing contributes toward it more than the use of **Angostura Bitters**, the world renowned appetizer and invigorator, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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The Famous English Custard Powder-Produces DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITHOUT EGGS, at HALF THE COST AND TROUBLE.

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THE PEN PAYS BETTER THAN THE SWORD.

If the Century Magazine keeps on giving \$1,000 apiece for its War Articles, this is the way the Editor's Ante-room will look, before long.